indirect means of cognition at its disposal; our knowledge of ourselves, though more direct, is. stultified by its restriction to the surface of our being, by an ignorance of our true self, the true sources of our nature, the true motive-forces. of our action. It is quite evident that we know ourselves with only a superficial knowledge,— the sources of our consciousness and thought are a mystery; the true nature of our mind, emotions, sensations is a mystery; our cause of being and our end of being, the significance of our life and its activities are a mystery: this could not be if we had a real self-knowledge and a real world-knowledge.

If we look for the reason of this limitation and imperfection, we shall find first that it is because we are concentrated on our surface; the depths of self, the secrets of our total nature are shut away from us behind a wall created by our externalising consciousness—or created for it so that it can pursue its activity of ego-centric individualisation of the mind, life and body uninvaded by the deeper and wider truth of our larger existence: through this wall we can look into our inner self and reality only through crevices and portholes and we

see little
there but a mysterious dimness. At the
same time
our consciousness has to defend its ego-
centric
individualisation, not only against its
own deeper
self of oneness and infinity, but against
the cosmic
infinite; it builds up a wall of division
here also and
shuts out all that is not centred round its
ego,
excludes it as the not-self. But since it
has to live